

# *The Princess and the Pauper*



## *One-Act Version*

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Male:           Urchins, Mary,  
                  Make sure you carry  
                  Your purse near  
Female:         Yes, dear

*2-3 urchins play a trick on the aristocrats that nets them the purse; they run off, followed by aristocrats. As this has happened, a baker with a full tray of bread comes out.*

Baker:           Twenty loaves I bake each day  
                  Sixteen go to those who pay  
                  The other four go out the door  
                  By URCHINS! Like these!

*During last two lines several urchins have conspired to steal some loaves from his tray. He runs off after those, leaving only Rachel and Sarah. Sarah has no bread, and Rachel gives her what she has (or half of what she has). These two go off, leaving only the folks in stocks, who have been observing and listening to all of this since the initial theft.*

*Stock Person 1 (motioning towards Rachel): 'ey, there, 'enry, that one's fit to be a queen!  
Stock Person 2: Say, there, 'enry, she'd be the best we've ever seen!*

*They try to high five each other, unsuccessfully. Music changes to impressive palace music for palace scene [People in stocks are now off]. Servants walk in severally, dusting here, sweeping there, polishing this and that*

Servants:       Servants in the royal palace  
                  We do our duties without malice  
                  We wash the walls and sweep the halls  
Pompous Servant: I clean the royal chalice!  
Servants:       He cleans the royal chalice!

*Transition music as ministers come on, all carrying scrolls and such. Servants amble off, still cleaning*

Ministers:      For matters of great importance,  
                  Affairs of state, he warrants  
                  Us with a duty  
                  To decide

Hertford:       Go to war?

Ministers:                   Nay!

Hertford:       Tax the poor?

Ministers:                   Yea!

Minister 4:     Sell the royal chalice?

Ministers:      Sell the royal chalice? *(They sing this line with some ministers quizzical, some enthusiastic, some outraged; they leave on this note, all arguing among themselves)*

*Transition to Rose's quarters, where we see her being dressed / brushed / doted upon by a small fleet of servants. She is polite to them but doesn't look happy with all this attention.*

*Servants: We humbly serve our Princess Rose  
We comb her hair  
I/She clip(s) her toes! [pronoun depends on who sings the line]  
Her royal word won't go unheard  
Where'er she goes*

*Rose has wandered off during the second half of this song, leaving the servants looking around, confused. They wander off as Rose begins her song*

*Rose: I'd rather be alone  
Or out there on my own  
I'd go play, feel the winter air,  
Some day, live without a care*

*During this Rachel has walked on in opposite part of stage. She is either alone, or with two or three smaller urchins. We have sense Rose is in palace, Rachel in slums. If urchins do accompany Rachel initially, then they go off while Rachel is singing, fully off by the second line of Rachel's verse*

*Rachel: If I were rich I'd feed them  
Find a way to free them  
I realize I could be so much more*

*Rose: There's so much more to life*

*Both: I wish there were a way I could be free  
I'm meant for more than this, I know*

*Both: Somewhere there's a girl  
Who has a different life  
That I could know*

*Lights down in Urchin side; Rachel exits. Servants re-assume their duties around Rose. We hear a knock at the door. Rose nods towards a servant to open it. Rowland and Hertford enter, and bow.*

*Rose: You may speak.  
Hertford: Your majesty, with thy father King Henry abroad, and thou holding the Royal Seal in his  
stead, the ambassador from Normandy requests -thy- approval for a—  
Rose: It shall wait. I am off for a walk about the palace grounds.  
Rowland: My lady, the ambassador has come from a great distance and—  
Rose: So he is likely in need of rest and refreshment. I will meet with him after my walk.*

*She leaves, her train of servants scampering to keep up, leaving Hertford and Rowland.*

*Hertford: She certainly has her father's willfulness.  
Rowland: And temper.  
Hertford: Yet we are charged by the king himself to “keep her safe.”  
Rowland: To “watch over her.”  
Hertford: One might as well try to watch over a fox racing through the woods. Two more days,  
Rowland; two more days until the king returns.  
Rowland: We can hold out until then, by the heavens.*

## ***Scene II*** ***Urchin's Lair***

*Urchins come in severally, with semi-improv lines (examples: 'That was a close one;' 'Did you see that?'... etc. some pertaining to day of begging/stealing, others just being kids or commenting on something in London. As the urchins get nestled, Rachel is reading her book on Royal Etiquette*

- Bridget: Reading that again? Who cares about how princesses are supposed to behave in the royal palace?
- Rachel: Imagine, living in the palace, with four-and-forty servants to wait on you! And to preside over royal banquets, with hundreds of guests, from France, or Romania! If I were princess, I would say, "You! Put my cape on me; and you! Hold my cup as I drink!" Everything is done by servants!
- Bridget: Every—thing done by servants?...What happens if thou hast an itchy nose?

*Bridget 'tries' to scratch and/or pick Rachel's nose; Rachel evades.*

- Bridget: You're always playing at being a princess; but -I- could be a princess, too!  
*(Bridget prances around, striking princess-ly poses)*
- Rachel: Best beware! The penalty for impersonating a royal princess is death!

*Enter Mother*

- Mother: Rachel, daughter—art thou well? Thou lookest hungry.
- Rachel: Mother, I'm fine.
- Mother: Here. *(Mother brings out some bread to share)*
- Rachel: Mother, no—that is all thou hast to eat for the day!
- Mother: Child—take some. Thou needest thy strength for the streets.
- Bridget: Streets? Someday she'll be in the palace—a princess of the land, with four and forty servants!
- Rachel: Princess, or anything I want!

### **All I Can Be**

*Rachel: I could be a playwright, and silly; or a brave knight—no, really!  
I could do it—if I weren't so poor...*

*I'd be a sergeant-at-arms, or a smith with burly arms  
Or become a candlestick caster  
I'd oversee London's docks or wind all of London's clocks,  
Or become a scowling schoolmaster!*

- Mother: But only men can be schoolmasters!
- Bridget: And you'd have to learn foreign languages, like German and Latin.

*Urchins are sitting up, and listening by now, if not before.*

*Rachel: Ha! There's no language I couldn't learn to speak, fine and dandy,  
I could learn to read and write in Ancient Greek, hand me  
A scroll from afar, or a map of the stars*

*I could do it; of that, I'm sure!*

*Yes, some day I'll show them all that I can be  
Learn any trade; I won't be afraid  
Some day I'll show them  
All that I can be!*

*Rachel and other Urchins go to their sleeping spots. Rachel's Mother tucks her in*

Rachel: I could be a princess—it could happen some day, could it not?  
Mother: There, there child...go to sleep, now.

*Mother stays up*

### **What I Would Do**

Mother: *What I would give to make you happy  
What I would do to see you free  
And never in your life to know  
An unkind word, or angry blow,  
Or fear...my dear...*

*What I would give to hear you laughing  
What I would do if you could be  
Anything you wanted to  
If I just had the courage to  
Be strong...help you along...*

*What I would give  
What I would do  
To see you free*

### ***Scene III***

#### ***At the Gates of the Palace / Royal Chamber or Royal Lawn***

*Rose is on promenade with several ministers, a few guards, and several servants. As she walks, this creates a hubbub outside the palace gates, which has an important-looking guard. The crowd, which includes Rachel, sees the princess and remarks, severally, "The Princess!" "Look, it's the princess!" Etc. etc. Rachel gets excited and leans against gate.*

Guard: Mind thy manners, thou young beggar!

*Without waiting for Rachel to move, the guard rudely throws her down. The streetfolk laugh at Rachel as she pulls herself up from the ground. Rose has seen all of this from within the palace gates, and rapidly approaches the guard.*

Rose: How dar'st thou use a poor lass like that! How dar'st thou use my father the King's meanest subject so! Open the gates, and let her in!

*The guard opens the gates for Rachel, who shyly enters*

Rose: Thou lookest tired and hungry; thou'st been treated ill. Come with me. Bring her a meal in my quarters!

*They make their way to Rose's Quarters, Rose's servants and train leaving once they've entered.*

Rose: Where dost thou live?  
Rachel: Offal Court, out of Pudding Lane.  
Rose: Offal Court! Truly 'tis an odd name. How is life there?  
Rachel: Always a-bustle with bakers, tradesmen, and horse-and-buggies coming down the lanes. We have races to see who be the swiftest—that's me!  
Rose: Then thou hast not yet raced me!  
Rachel: What of thy life here?  
Rose: There are dances, and banquets;  
Rachel: With who?  
Rose: The Prince of Spain; he poses and he prances—such a pain!  
Rachel: What dost thou eat here in the palace?  
Rose: Soups and cold-cut ham, bread with cheese; boars, deer, duck, and lamb; biscuits, scones, goose, cakes, pies...  
Rachel: I meant at just one meal!  
Rose: That is. What of thy servants?  
Rachel: Servants?  
Rose: Why not? Who helpeth thou undress at night, or attireth thee upon waking? And what dost thou do for fun?  
Rachel: We wade and swim in the river; and each of us doth duck her neighbor, and spatter her with water. We dive and shout and tumble all day long.  
Rose: I'd give my father's crown to try it all just once!

*The two go to separate sides of the stage during instrumental, as if they're in their own thoughts*

Rachel: *If I could live in her shoes only for a day*  
Rose: *I could run and play, I'd be free*  
Both: *I'd give anything to—*

*They look at each other, wordlessly at first; then Rose gestures to Rachel. They disappear backstage for a quick costume change, then come back marvelling at their new outfits*

Rachel: Why—I—  
Rose: We look exactly the same—I'd wager that even our parents could not tell us apart. Hark! Is that a bruise upon your hand?  
Rachel: Yes; but 'tis a slight thing; your worship knoweth that poor man-at-arms—  
Rose: Peace! It was a shameful thing, and cruel! If the king—stir not a step till I come again! It is a command!

*Rose leaves the chamber in a flurry, leaving Rachel in the room. Rose, now dressed in Rachel's rags, flies through the castle till she reaches the gates*

Rose: Open! Unbar the gates!

*The Guard from before opens the gates, boxes Rose upon the ear as she comes through, and relocks the gates behind her*

Guard: Take that, thou beggar's spawn, for what thou got'st me from her Highness before!

*The crowd in the street laughs*

Rose: I am the Princess of Wales, my person is sacred; and thou shalt hang for laying thy hand upon me!

Guard: (*mockingly*) I salute your gracious Highness. Be off, thou crazy rubbish; or get twice what thou got before!

*Crowd jeers at Rose, mocks her as she leaves, saying 'Make way for her royal Highness! Make way for the Princess of Wales!' Rose escapes them, and we see her wandering another part of the street, having escaped from the throng. She looks confused, and a bit forlorn; then says to herself,*

Rose: How to get back in? They think me a pauper. Where shall I go? I know no one in London outside the palace gates.

*Bridget arrives and sees her.*

Bridget: THERE thou art! I have been looking all over for you, twice over!

Rose: I did not grant thee leave to speak! And thou bows in my presence, until given command to rise!

Bridget: (*a bit confused; then gets it*) Oh yes, my princess, forgive me; I did not recognize thee...my peasant's mind is prone to wander! (*Deep bow, waits*)

Rose: Rise, and speak.

Bridget: (*in mock-fancy speech*) My lady, thy wicked stepfather, the king, has found his way to a tavern tonight, and will not return to the palace until late; therefore we servants are having a bit of a sup, and request thy royal presence at the table in Offal Court.

Rose: (*to self*) Wait, Offal Court—that's where that girl Rachel Canty says she lived. Perhaps I can get help there from her mother. (*to Bridget*) 'Tis fine; I will speak to thy lot to figure how best to get me back into the palace.

Bridget: Of course, of course, thy most royal majesty; for how couldst thou be a proper princess outside the royal palace? Thy wish is my command. Off we go!

*Bridget grabs Rose's hand to dart through the marketplace; Rose goes a few feet with her before yanking her hand back (commanding, but not too angrily)*

Rose: Thou touchest me! It shall not happen again!

Bridget: Yes, thy majesty.

### ***Scene IIIB***

#### ***Royal Chamber***

*Action back to Rachel in Rose's Quarters. We see her pacing nervously.*

Rachel: Where can she have gone? If I'm found here, it could be my head!

*She paces again for a few seconds; We hear a knock at the door*

Rachel: Mayhap that be the princess! (*She opens door*)

Hertford: The Viscount of Shaftsbury is here, your highness. Shall I send him in?

Rachel: (*official-sounding, after a pause*). Yes—yes! Send him in.

*Ministers Hertford and Rowland enter, followed by the Viscount and his train (including two chest-bearers). The Viscount bows lowly, and holds it. Rachel, unsure of what to do, just stands there. For ~10 seconds, the Viscount stays bowed down, Rachel's eyes alternating between contrived confidence and glances to Hertford and the still-kneeling Viscount. Viscount a bit off balance, attempts to look up; then looks down again. Hertford looks at Rachel, Rachel looks at Hertford a bit anxiously. Hertford subtly gestures of a rise, with a question. Rachel realizes what she is supposed to do.*

Rachel: You may rise. (*awkwardly*) Welcome. To you. To thee, Count of...Shhhh...  
Sraftsbury? Straws-burary! Count of Strawberry!

*Viscount rises, then stands before Rachel. She bows to him (then rises). He looks confused, but quickly bows again, staying down. After another awkward pause, she bows to his train. They, flabbergasted, bow all the way to the floor, and the chest-bearers, forgetting they're holding a chest, drop the chest to the ground. Again an awkward pause, as the Viscount, still bowing, shuffles from foot to foot, occasionally shifting his eyes to the two ministers.*

Rachel: You may speak. And you all—everyone, all of you, you may rise.

Viscount: Your highness. With the king abroad, we present to you our collected taxes from Shaftsbury.

Rachel. Er...thank you. (*short awkward silence*). You may put them down. (*they do*)

Hertford: (*who is beginning to realize something in amiss*) Would not your highness have them deliver the taxes to the royal treasury?

Rachel: Why yes—yes! (*a bit commanding*) Deliver it to the treasury, the royal treasury! The royal treasury at once, you—you common servants, you!

*Servants pick up chest again, and take it out.*

Rachel: (*trying to sound royally offended*) Ah, the help these days! Bother!

*The Viscount is standing awkwardly, shuffling from foot to foot, looking out door after the servants who have just left*

Hertford: Is the Viscount free to go, if it is her majesty's pleasure?

Rachel: Yes—yes, thou, thou may go. (*Viscount leaves, relieved*)

Rowland: Is her majesty feeling well?

Rachel: A bit—a bit of a headache, I'm afraid.

*Ministers look mildly expectant, like they are waiting for her to say or do the next thing*

Rachel: Er, I have forgotten what is next on my schedule. (*a bit awkwardly*) My...royal schedule.

Rowland: Why, it is time for thy dinner, your majesty.

Rachel: (*after a short pause*)...Down in the...royal hall?

*Rachel begins to walk out. If it fits, Rachel is met near the doorway by her mob of servants and guards, who follow her. Potential place for physical comedy as Rachel turns to watch them following her, with them stopping at attention each time she stops to look back at them. When she is gone, it is possible that a few other ministers have joined Hertford and Rowland in time for the first verse of this song, though it is also fine if it is just the two of them.*

### **She's Mad**

Hertford: Did you hear?  
Rowland: Did you see?  
Both: She did not bid him rise!  
Rowland: And she bowed to the servants of his train  
Hertford: O, I fear!  
Rowland: Could it be?  
Both / All: Do we dare surmise  
That the princess could be losing her brain  
Rowland: Going insane!

### ***Scene IV***

#### ***Slums & Palace Dual Scene***

*Scene Change to Rose in slums, with the urchins sitting on the floor or at a table. Rose and Bridget enter. Rose strides to table, expecting them to rise and bow. They do not, and carry on chatting and babbling to each other*

Rose: Rise and bow in the presence of the Princess of Wales! There shall be silence while I eat! Fetch me my spoon. Where is my napkin? And where is the sauce, and the dressing? And why is no chaplain here to lead the prayer for the food?

*She storms off, irritated*

Urchins: What's that? Did you hear it? Wanting silverware!  
And she said, 'You must eat without a sound!'  
Then she asked for some dressing, and for us to have a blessing  
She's a few pennies short of a pound

### ***Scene IVB***

#### ***Palace Dining Room***

*When Rachel enters, we have as opulent a table as we can manage, with servants attempting to serve Rachel. A napkin is tied around her neck, but she takes it off:*

Rachel: Take this fine cloth away, or it might be soiled!

*Rachel eats with her fingers*

Servant: Fetch the rose water!

*Another servant brings rose water in a bin very obviously intended for hand-washing, but Rachel drinks from the tub*

Rachel: This soup has a pretty flavor, but wanteth strength

*As the chaplain stands and begins prayer behind her after the rose-water, Rachel interrupts by standing then leaving.*

Servants: Did you see that!

Can you believe it?

*Eating with her hands!*

*And she drank from the hand-washing cup*

*She removed the royal napkin, interrupted the good Chaplain*

Cook: She's a few feathers short of a duck.

Servants & Cook: She's a few seeds short of a fruit;

She's a few turnips short of a soup.

*We now close with both scenes simultaneously as the two prepare to go to bed. In Rachel's camp, she takes off her first sock by herself, then someone darts over to take off her second one.*

Rachel: Dost have any straw?

Rose: I would like some tea. And where is my feather-bed?

*Eventually both Rachel and Rose get to sleep. Now all the urchins, servants, and ministers converge in their respective places.*

Servants: Did you hear!

Ministers: Did you see?

Servants: She took off her own socks

Urchins: And she wants a feather-bed that goes 'Poof!'

Servants: She wanted straw!

Urchins: She wanted tea!

All: It is plain to see,

Servants: She has a few tiles missing from her roof

Ministers: She's a few gears short of a clock

Urchins: She's a few sheep short of a flock.

Urchins: She's maaaaaad

Ministers/Servants: Is she mad?

Urchins: She's maaaaad

Ministers/Servants: Is she mad?

All: She's a few cards short of a deck

Urchins: She's maaaaaad

Ministers/Servants: Is she mad?

All: She's completely mad

She's a few bushels short of a peck

She's a few jewels short of a crown

She's a few pennies short of a pound!

*Servants and Ministers exit; Urchins go to bed*

### ***Scene IVC***

#### ***Beds in Slums and Palace***

## Rich / Poor

*Rachel wakes up in the palace*

*Rachel: I've got nine pillows on my bedside  
I'VE GOT A BED!! Who would have thought  
That such a place could be  
If I saved for a lifetime, I might have bought  
Just one candlestick of silver  
And here I've got thirty-nine!  
I may be back on the streets tomorrow  
But today this is mine*

*Rose wakes up in the slums*

*Rose: There are fleas inside my bedding  
There's a draft that chills my feet  
And in a space the size of my old bed  
Eight people are asleep*

*Bridget: Trying to sleep!*

*There's no mirror on the nightstand  
No carpet on the floor  
If I had to live like this each day  
I couldn't take it any more*

*Look how they sleep, on the ground here;  
Beds of straw, and rotten sheets  
Water that's not fit to drink  
And meals without sweets*

*(these next two pairs of lines are sung at same time)*

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*Rose: Look how they eat; they've got nothing  
Rachel: Look, I can eat when I want to*

*Rose: Thin soup and crusts of bread  
Rachel: Chicken dumplings, cottage pie*

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*Rose: I could feed them all just from my table  
But it gets thrown away instead*

*Rachel: Food here gets thrown away instead*

*Rose: I never knew how townfolk lived here,  
Never guessed but now I know;  
How can the palace have so many treasures  
While these people suffer here below...*

*Rachel: Now I know*

*Both: I would give anything to see these people free  
We will find a way I know; I know  
Some day I'd like to see  
A better world for those in need*

## ***Scene V*** ***Street Scene***

*Street scene with passersby—well, passing by. Enter Bridget, Rose, and group of Urchins. Bridget and Urchins taking their places in the street, ready to beg.*

Rose: Why art thou stopping here?  
Bridget: Art thou dense? 'Tis our place we beg, mornings.  
Rose: Beg?! -Never- would I soil my hands so.  
Bridget: Thy princessing becomes tiresome. (*Aristocrat passes by*) Spare a farthing, mum?  
Farthing for a poor girl, sir?  
Rose: We needest money? HALT! (*stuns passerby*) In the name of Henry the King, thou shalt give us four farthings! (*Passerby starts to walk on*) Stay where thou stands! I did not give thee leave to depart! (*Passerby nervously runs off*) Halt! Halt, I say!

Bridget: (*as an aside*) Still playing the princess! Well, at least I can have some fun with it. (*To Rose*) Thy majesty, begging is an art—a science! Thou must master its secrets.

### **Beggar's Creed**

Bridget: You see...  
*Urchins/Bridget: Hand goes out; head goes down;  
Cower closely to the ground,  
Make like you're tired and they might be inspired to—*  
Bridget: *Sssh! Now, beg without a sound!*

*Now go to the middle of the street, we'll poke and fiddle with them,  
Greet them like you're family, start talking NOW,  
(to passerby, spoken-sung) Excuse me sir, a moment to spare?  
I've got a sad story 'bout my sister there! (indicating Rose)  
She's lost her wits and she's got the fits;  
Surely you're a gentleman, and really care!*

*(to Rose, after he has gone) [Now] don't let them pass till they've paid the fare!*

Rose: But thou lied to him! I am not thy sister, and I have -not- lost my wits!  
Bridget: We need money, do we not? What does it matter what story we tell?

*Bridget: (to passersby, severally, or all to one) My mother, lost! – when I was four;  
I need a penny to buy bread at the store;  
My father—killed! Overseas at war!*

*We've made four farthings  
Urchins & Bridget: We don't need more!*

*Enter another beggar, this one genuinely sick and physically hurt. S/he puts their palm out, ignored by passersby. Rose watches this intently, while Bridget is sorting herself, getting ready to go. (Change gender of following speech accordingly, if needed)*

Rose: They just pass him by!  
Bridget: What? Oh, him. The poor are everywhere in London.  
Rose: But they have plenty of money they could give, and he has nothing!  
Bridget: 'Tis the way of things; come, let's go off to the river!

*Bridget goes off, leaving Rose. Enter Constable*

Constable (*addressing Beggar*): Back again, are ye! I -told- thee not to come on this street! Off with ye!

*Constable walks off. Beggar attempts to get up, with challenges*

### **Out There Alone**

Rose: *All your life to spend there begging dimes, nearly starving  
Yet the law says your begging is a crime; a crime  
How can this be, how these people here are living, now I know  
How things ought to be  
I'll show them all*

*Rose goes off towards direction Bridget exited*

### ***Scene VI***

#### ***Knight Scene / Courtyard***

*Rachel and Minister arriving at Courtyard*

Minister: Time for thy training, your majesty.  
Rachel: Training? Oh yes, of course, my training! Right away!

*They strap a sword, armor, and a helmet on her. Recommended blocking: during verses, knights are doing an easy, slow march; during the choruses they either go off quickly randomly (easiest to manage) or do some complicated marching choreography. Either way, Rachel follows the knights as best she can, trying to make it appear like she knows what she is doing.*

### **England's Finest**

Knights: *They call us England's finest  
Because we march each day  
We guard the king his highness  
When we attack we say*

*Hie, eeyah hie, eeyah hey, eeyah hey, ya, hey! Oh,  
Hie, eeyah hie, eeyah ho, hey, yah,  
England's finest on their way*

*Watch out, we're England's finest  
We hope we stay that way  
We're well known for our slyness (Ssssshhhhhh!)  
So hear us when we say*

*Hie, eeyah hie, eeyah hey, eeyah hey, ya, hey! Oh,  
Hie, eeyah hie, eeyah ho, hey, yah,  
England's finest on their way...*

*Instrumental crash-course roundup of knights marching this way and that, or again, advanced choreography for those who undertake it. Afterwards, the knights sing the [2<sup>nd</sup> part of the] chorus again*

*Oh, Hie, eeyah hie, eeyah ho, hey, yah,  
England's finest on their way!  
Rachel: Ya, hey!*

*They have lined up; on her "Ya hey" she holds her arms out, knocking them down like dominoes. She then knocks herself down, thinking she's doing what they're supposed to be doing. Enter Page*

Page: King Henry is back from abroad!  
Knights: (*severally, as they arise*) King Henry! King Henry!

## ***Scene VII***

### ***Henry's Return—Throne Room***

*Lights up on court, actively awaiting Henry's arrival. Cue Henry's entrance itself onstage with as huge a fanfare as we can manage. Hertford and Rowland jump to attention. As he makes his way center stage we hear, severally, "Your Majesty" from different parties, all who bow according to their station.*

Henry: Ah, home again! Travel is such a curse, what with leaky ship-cabins and muddy roads and—oh, do not get me started on the sorry state of French wines!  
Hertford: Yes, your majesty, truly travel is a trial.  
Henry: Yet to go abroad is such a blessing! To sample the cheeses of Northern Spain, to behold the great beauties of the Italian countryside...  
Hertford: Yes, the mountains of Italy are a sight to behold.  
Henry: Oh—yes, the mountains—those are something, too. Now! Hertford, Rowland, come hither! Speed! You know full well of our most serious problem here!  
Rowland: —Problem, your highness?  
Henry: A problem in the castle that now demands immediate attention; a problem that would not have happened if you two had been on your watch?

*Hertford and Rowland glance nervously at each other*

Hertford: My Lord, I can explain. You see,—

*Henry hasn't heard him.*

Henry: Yes, England is falling behind the rest of Europe! We must needs claim our rightful place on the map. We must be known from the new Americas to the far East for...for...  
Rowland: For what, your highness?

Henry: For being...England! This palace must shine with English splendor; we must be the most beautiful jewel in the crown of nations, the most glorious and potent among the sheepish herd!

Hertford: And for what shall England be known, my Lord?

### England Shall Be Known

Henry: *I want the finest German tapestries and five Egyptian cats  
Turkish carpets used as tablecloths and foppish Flemish hats  
Swedish butter churns—for peasants! Norman jewels on my throne,  
For this England will be famous, for this, England shall be known!*

Court: *He wants the finest German tapestries and five Egyptian cats  
Turkish carpets used as tablecloths and foppish Flemish hats  
Swedish butter churns—for peasants! Norman jewels on his throne,  
For this England will be famous, for this, England shall be known!*

Henry: We also must excel in music, and dance!

*We'll have basse dances from Burgundy (dance by some of the assembled)  
Almains from far off Germany (2<sup>nd</sup> dance)  
Canarios from the Canary*

*Court looks confused*

Henry: Islands! (3<sup>rd</sup> dance)  
Henry: *Our dance and music won't be beat, for these we shall be known;*  
All: *For these England shall be known!*

### (Optional Dance Interlude)

Hertford: Well, that should quite do it, your highness! We'll have -plenty- to work on to get the palace ready, and— *(sees Henry looking at him with serious look)* er...yes, your highness...

Henry: Cuisine! Cook!

*Cook comes forward*

Cook: *We'll take South American potatoes and we'll cut them into chips  
Then in tubs of Norway whale oil, we'll fry them till they're fit*

Court: *To feed, a king...*

Cook: *Serve them with Spanish fish fillets, that lack a single bone!*

Minister 1: Fish!

Minister 2: And potatoes, chopped into little chips!

Minister 1: Fish...

Minister 2: And chips!

Court: Fish and chips!

*All look to Henry for approval*

Henry: England? Known for fish and chips?!

*All laugh.*

*All: England will never have these fish and chips, for this we won't be known*

Minister 3: Fish, for England! Might as well be known for our bugs, even!

Minister 4: Right! 'Ey, come see our crickets!

Minister 3: Cricket! England known for cricket!

*Some laughter*

Minister 4: No, no, no!—Our beetles!

All Four Ministers: Ladies and gentlemen: presenting, The Beetles from England!

*Laughter*

Henry: Oh.....!

Henry: Lastly, we must flourish in the world of literature. Since we now have a printing press—

Minister 3: From Germany.

Henry: Quiet!—we must be known from Greenland to the furthest Africa for our scholarly and poetic works. Ministers! I will hear your ideas...now!

*Ministers hurriedly line up.*

Minister 1: A sea journey *about a shipwrecked sailor?*

Henry: No!

Minister 2: *Or a troubled Danish king?*

Henry: No!

Minister 2: A troubled Danish prince? *(Henry shakes his head)* I guess it was not to be.

Minister 3: *A very shrewd detective?*

Henry: No!

Ministers 4 & 5: *Or a quest to find a ring?*

Court: *A quest to find a ring?*

Henry: NO!!

Minister 6: *One about a teenaged wizard schoolboy whose parents he has never known?*

*Walk on a boy in black trenchcoat, glasses, a wand, and a red and yellow scarf*

Henry: A schoolboy? For England?! How dull! Might as well write about a blacksmith; or a potter! Oh, I know—A potter with long hair, and a big beard! There we go, a hairy potter!

Court: A hairy potter!

*All: Hairy Potter's not for England,  
Fish and chips are not for England,*

Hertford: The Beetles?

All: *Not for England,  
For these we will not be known  
For these England won't be known!*

Minister sub-group: *Flemish carpets, French chansons, and Roman columns, Grecian lawns,  
Norman jewels, wizard wands, for these we shall be known!*

Henry: But wherever is my daughter Rose? Fetch her at once!

*Hertford and Rowland go up to Henry and begin explaining, quiveringly*

Hertford: About your daughter, your majesty...you see, ah,—

Rowland: She is acting a bit...strangely.

Henry: Strangely? Did you not watch over her as I commanded?

Rowland: Ah, yes, your highness! We hope it is...temporary! And a minor affliction, but—

Hertford: She wants to be by herself more often.

Rowland: And she seems nervous, especially around the young knights. *(Henry thinks he 'gets it' here; maybe he nods and smiles)*

Hertford: Her face is often flush with feeling, as if she—

Henry: Ah! Gentleman, say no more, say no more! I was waiting for this time to come. I know exactly what is going on with her!

*Enter Rachel, though not yet in view of the Court*

Rachel: *(just outside entry)* Meeting with his majesty the king! However shall I do this?  
*(She straightens her outfit, tries to walk tall etc. She approaches the king)*

Henry: Ah, my dear, my gentle joy! It gladdens my heart to see you.

*Rachel comes in a mix of stateliness and awkwardness, and clumsily bows before the king.*

Rachel: *(not sure of what to say)* Greetings, your highness—father—lordship—

Henry: Come, be not nervous, child! 'Tis nothing to be ashamed of!

Rachel: *(nervous as ever)* Nervous, my lord?

Henry: Yes, yes! You need not hide it anymore from me!

Rachel: Hide...it...your majesty?

Henry: I knew this was coming, you see. *(Aside to ministers)* She's having troubles in the area of romance! And who more fit to give her wise counsel than me?

Hertford: Your majesty certainly does have much wisdom in this field.

Rowland: And experience.

*Henry turns back to Rachel*

Henry: Now my daughter, you are taking your first new steps into a wider world; a world filled with beauteous nymphs...but also fierce dragons! A world where at times the lightest touch is all that is needed...but other times you must invoke a raging thunderstorm! Sometimes, you show the grim patience of a monk, straining to uphold a ten-year vow of silence—but other times, you need daring, fearless, reckless bravado!

Rachel: *(baffled)* ...Sir?

Henry: The world of romance, my dear! You've come to that age where you're beginning to feel your heart-a-flutter—and I'm sure, planning your romantic conquests, as an army general would his maneuvers on the battlefield! Here, a bold, forward thrust! There, a timid, meek surrender. I can tell you all the secrets of how to succeed at love! Ah, my first wife, Catherine of Aragon...well, I had her annulled. Second was Anne Boleyn (*gives neck-cutting gesture*). The third, Jane, died; and Anne of Cleves, the fourth, was—well, she was annulled too. Catherine Howard was...er... (*gives neck-cutting gesture again*) Ahem! And the sixth, Catherine Parr, well, she's quite a trooper. So follow my grand example, and that's how you'll succeed at love. Any questions?

### ***Scene VIII*** ***Henry's Deathbed***

Narrator: The true Princess Rose realized she could not regain her crown while still in the slums; so with Bridget, she decided to try to find a cousin of hers in the British countryside who might help her regain entrance to the castle. Rachel's Mother, thinking it is Rachel who has left, is heartbroken. While the Minister Rowland is becoming suspicious of the girl on the throne, the King of England has fallen deathly ill, and is in his final days. He calls the girl who he thinks to be his daughter to his bedside.

*Henry's bedroom or throne-room with assembled ministers and servants, including Rowland and Hertford. Henry lies on his bed. Rachel enters. With effort, Henry pulls himself up to a semi-sitting position.*

Henry: My child, come hither. I am weak, and dying, but thou wilt be able to weather the storms that come. I only wish that I had given you the childhood you deserved. Please; find it in your heart to forgive a foolish old man.

#### **Forgive Me**

*Henry: When I'm gone, England will change  
For better or worse, England's life rearranged;  
For I'm dying my dear, yes, my end drawing near  
My life shone full, but now it wanes*

*And my child, I see now I've been blind  
As a father I've been far away, and unkind  
Been off fighting wars, or hunting my boars  
And you—I left you behind*

*Forgive me, my dear, for what I've done  
Forgive me for wishing for a son  
Forgive me, my dear, for not being strong  
You'll be far better off when I'm gone*

*Forgive me, my dear, for what I've done  
Forgive me for wishing for a son  
Forgive me, my dear, for not being strong*

*Henry falls back into bed, slowly. Hertford calls over the Royal Surgeon, who takes Henry's pulse and examines him for signs of life. The surgeon then looks up and shakes his head.*

Hertford: You are to be Queen of England.  
*All in the room bow to Rachel, who looks around at them in wonder, awe, and fear; Rachel looks mortified.*

***Scene IX***  
***Throne Room, again***

Narrator: With Henry having passed away, Rachel assumes the duties of crown-princess / queen-in-waiting, feeling she has no other option, and fearing for her life if she is discovered. Despite her fears, she becomes busy in her new role as queen-to-be, halting executions and making new laws that benefit the poor. The Ministers, however, are still deciding how they feel about this new queen. We join them just before a trial for which Rachel will be presiding.

**Our New Queen / Witch / She's Mad Reprise**

Ministers: *Did you hear, can you believe it, it's a whole new age  
With this queen, no one's been sentenced to the noose;  
Executions halted, the poor to be exalted  
Is she a few feathers short of a goose?*

*She has lowered cotton tariffs  
Misdemeanors have gone down  
Cause she's added better sheriffs  
Crooks are chased right out of town*

*½ the Ministers: The monarchy's a shambles with this girl upon the throne  
Other ½: The monarchy is flourishing with this girl upon the throne*

All: *For her England shall be famous, for her England shall be known!*

*Rose enters: Palace Court Scene, with a person on trial, Rachel presiding. In Court are a number of ministers; also several lawyers, two doctors, and a Witch*

Rachel: What is this man accused of?

*Prosecuting Lawyers, severally: Poisoning, your majesty, or so we've figured out;*

*Defense Lawyer: The doctors found no traces*

*Prosecuting Lawyers: But there can not be a doubt*

*For the poisoning predicted by none other than a witch*

*Some wise head-nodding among the audience*

*Prosecuting Lawyers: She foresaw the when the where the how, the who the why the which!*

*Court: She foresaw the when the where the how, the who the why the which!*

*Rachel: You can't place him at the crime scene, you have no witnesses, forsooth;  
You've not established motive, here we seek to find the truth  
You're entirely relying on the visions of a witch!*

*Witch: Let's not resort to name-calling, shall we?*

*Rachel: This man has not been proven guilty; sir, you're free to go, no hitch!*

*Some commotion; Rachel exits, perhaps also Accused. The rest remain, arguing;*

*All: Did you hear, can you believe it, it's a whole new age  
Under Henry, he'd be sentenced to the noose;  
Executions halted, the poor to be exalted  
Is she a few feathers short of a goose?*

*Some Ministers: I think she's three steps ahead of the game!*

*All: No matter what, England won't be the same!*

*All leave save Rowland*

*Rowland: Yes, England won't be the same. This girl acts in ways that Rose never would have—  
forgetting her manners at dinner, disgrace at her knightly training, and now freeing  
prisoners whom Henry would have had executed. I can scarcely fathom how, but  
could this girl be an impostor and not our Princess Rose? For England's sake, I must  
act—and soon, for she is to be crowned in a fortnight.*

## ***Scene X***

### ***Throne Room, yet again***

*Rachel addressing a few ministers (not any from the previous scene)*

*Rachel: Send a messenger to Nottinghamshire to inform the duke of the new laws against child  
labor. Oh yes, and tell the baroness of Kent that we do have enough rooms for her and  
her sixty-five servants on coronation day.*

*Ministers exit*

*Rachel: 'Tis exhausting acting as queen! What a bother! Seven meetings a day, and each one  
filled with processions, presentations, proclamations, and that endless bowing!*

### **Rich/Poor Reprise**

*I thought it would be fun to be a princess  
All the feasts, and fancy clothes  
But if I make just one mistake  
They'll know that I'm not Rose*

*And then they'll see  
I'm just a poor girl who's pretending  
And they'll know I'm not who I ought to be  
Should I show them all...?*

***Scene XI***  
***British Countryside***

*Bridget and Rose walking a country lane. We see three ruffians hiding in the brush.*

Narrator: Rose and Bridget walk England's countryside, Rose still seeking help to get her back into the palace after her cousin threw her out, thinking her but a pauper.

Bromley: Ho, look!

Thorpe: Two travelers.

Brinley: Not too rich, by their looks.

Bromley: Still, they may have some coin;

Thorpe: Or some sausage, or salt pork, or bacon! Mmmmmmmmmmmmm...!

Brinley: Quiet! Now, here's the plan. When they walk by, we'll be sneaky-like. We shall pretend we are but animals of the countryside, and make animal-like sounds to confuse and beguile them. Then, we pounce! Here, I will be as a cow, and sayeth 'Mooooo.'  
Bromley, thou shalt be even as a duck.

Bromley: Ducks sayeth 'quack.' Quack, quack, quackquackquackquack—

Brinley: Sssshh—Enough! And thou Thorpe, thou shalt be a fox.

*Brinley and Bromley look ready as Rose and Bridget come; but Thorpe begins to look worried.*

Thorpe: Psssst! What doth the fox say?

Brinley: Silence! Now, gentlemen, for thy lives!

Brinley: Moooooooooooo

Bromley: Quack! Quack, quack, quack!

*Thorpe makes inventive (failed) fox-like sounds. Brinley and Bromley look disbelievingly at him. Bridget and Rose hear the cow and duck sounds, but they take little notice. They look more mystified than anything else by the fox sounds, and continue on. Ruffians jump out with their swords drawn.*

Brinley: Ha! Thou wert confused and beguiled by our sounds! Now we shalt have thy coin, presently!

*Thorpe jumps forward with more failed fox-like sounds. Bromley bops him on the head*

Brinley: Peace, no more of that, now! (*Ruffians advance*)

Rose: En garde!

*It's a fun fight scene. Rose handily dispatches them, Bridget jumping in to secure the swords of those who have been defeated. At end the two girls are standing over the three, or the three sitting back-to-back-to-back with hands in the air.*

Rose: Thou should have brought along real beasts of the forest to help thee.  
(*to Bridget*) Why dost thou stare?

Bridget: Thy work with the sword! I—I—

Rose: Why art thou waylaying honest travelers?

Brinley: We need money to live, and to do our theater productions!

Rose: Who art thou?

Bromley: The Lederhosen Farthingale troupe of Mummers—come out, come out!

*From every direction, out streams a band of ruffian Mummers*

**Virtue and Vice**

*Ruffians: We mooooo when we see cattle  
We bathe—at least, we might!  
We have a way of snoring  
That'll keep you up all night!  
Oh yes, we wrestle in the mudpatch  
And Geoffrey likes to howl!*

*Geoffrey (and others): Owoooooooooooo!*

*Ruffians: We scratch and spit and snore and snarl  
But ne'er give cause to scowl--*

*We grumble eating oatmeal  
We kick and sometimes bite!  
When Hugh and Knox play chess  
They always get into a fight  
Oh yes, we leave our dirty dishes  
In a pile by Jensen's door  
We curse and swear and belch and stare  
Then yearn for something more*

*We yearn for something more,  
That's what the theater is for  
That's what the theater is for*

*An oak comes from but an acorn,  
A mighty flame comes from but a spark  
The human fool's a masterpiece, a beauteous work of art  
The human fool's a masterpiece, a beauteous work of art!*

*Rose: Hmmmmm....actors...*

*Thorpe: I play the fox! (Thorpe makes more inventive foxlike sounds)*

*Rose: Mummers! I would have thy band join me. There may be much hardship,*

*Ruffians: Hardship!*

*Rose: But also much glory to be had.*

*Ruffians: Glory!*

*Rose: Succeed, and each of ye could be rich;*

*Ruffians: Rich!*

*Rose: Fail, and it could mean prison,*

*Ruffians: Prison!*

*Rose: —Even for the rest of our lives. And I exaggerate not when I say the very fate of  
England would lie in thy hands.*

*Brinley: Who are you?*

*Rose: I am Rose, Crown-Princess of Wales, to be Queen of England!*

*Bromley: The daughter of Henry VIII?*

*Thorpe: Maybe that's why she could beat us in swordplay.*

*Rose: We must gain secret entrance to the royal palace, so I be restored to my rightful place on  
the throne! And we must do so before the coronation in four days' time.*

Brianna: But how would we do it? The castle is heavily guarded. It's impossible!  
Rose: Come, I might have a way!

*Everyone huddles, perhaps with some whispers, arms over shoulders as lights go out.*

## **Scene XII**

**Coronation Day Parade** {Optional scene/song; Torsti will decide by early October}

*As large and impressive a parade as we can manage, with townsfolk cheering.*

Townie 1: 'Tis Coronation day for Rose, the new Queen of England!

Townie 2: Aye, Here comes her procession, now!

*The parade continues, and we see Rachel's Mother in the audience. The royal float comes by, and briefly stops for Rachel to wave at everyone. The Mother sees Rachel, at first looking confused. Recognition dawns on her face, as if she can not believe it.*

Mother: Rachel! Rachel!

*Rachel hears her name, and instinctually looks over, where she sees her Mother waving and advancing towards her daughter, who she assumed lost or dead. Mother pushes her way into street of royal parade, and the palace guards restrain her.*

Mother: Rachel! That is my daughter, Rachel! Oh, Rachel!

*Rachel holds her Mother's gaze for a few seconds, then turns away*

Captain: Take her off to the stocks!

*The Guards start to pull the Mother away*

Mother: Rachel!

Rachel: No! See she is not harmed, nor punished.

Mother: Rachel!

*The procession continues, the Mother brought back by the guards into the crowd. The guards release her once the procession has past. The townsfolk follow it along, leaving only the Mother onstage.*

## **But You Turned Away / What I Would Do Reprise / Forgive me Reprise**

Mother: Oh Rachel; oh Rachel  
You saw me but you turned away  
I need you; I've missed you so  
But you turned away

Mother: What I would give to have you beside me  
What I would do if you could be  
Standing right here next to me  
My daughter; what can I say  
You turned away

*Lights down on Mother; lights up on Rachel, alone, sidestage.*

*Rachel:           What I would give to have you beside me  
                      What I would do.....*

*Rachel shows great sadness and grief during short instrumental of 2<sup>nd</sup> verse of What I Would Do*

*Rachel:           Mother, I know you can't hear me right now  
                      I wish I could have reached to you, but I didn't know how  
                      What I did to you was wrong; I just wasn't strong,  
                      And I wish you could hear me right now*

*Rachel: (spoken, slowly)   Won't you for-*

*-Give me, for the wrongs I have done  
Mother dear  
Forgive me, my mum, for not being strong  
I will do what is right from now on.*

*The extension of this song (below) might be in the play; Torsti will decide by early October*

*Shall I tell, though it could cost me my head?  
Or be queen, and lead my life full of guilt, full of dread;  
I could help England now, if I gave them my vow,  
Or they'll have Queen Bloody Mary instead*

*Yet the true princess may still be alive  
But if she's dead, then staying queen's the only way I can survive*

*What's the best path here; I must decide*

*I will do what is right  
But what is right is  
So hard to see  
For England, for Rose, for my mother, for me  
Will I know what is right? We shall see*

### ***Scene XIII***

#### ***Palace Coronation Room***

*Coronation room with Rachel, assembled ministers, servants, and other royalty*

*Narrator:        Before the Coronation of Rachel the Pauper as the new Queen of England, there are several acts of entertainment—we join the throne room for the final act to perform.*

*Minister of Ceremonies: From Hertfordshire: the Farthingale Lederhosen Troupe of Mummers!*

*In stream the Ruffians, dancing and frolicking about, each hooting and hollering as they enter. They brush up against ministers, dance with servants, and make some hubbub among the crowd. We see Rose and Bridget near the edges; they creep downstage for a hushed conversation that only we can hear*

Rose: *(to Bridget)* Now, remember the plan! We act our play; and we see how Rachel reacts. Perhaps she will voluntarily give over the crown. If not—

Prologue 1: The tale of the Fox and the Hound:

Our play starts in a lovely clearing  
An'mals gathered, each one hearing  
Beefs from all those present there!  
Each one growling, grouching, griping,  
Carping, whimpering, wailing, whining  
Squawking 'bout their troubles there!

Saith the Eagles:

*As the Eagles saith things, the next group of animals in line have come forth, which continues for each of the animal groups. Each speaking animals' final words are about the next animals to come.*

Eagles: My nest's too high, my food too squirrely!  
I'd rather preen and get up early!

Prologue 1: Saith the Roosters:

Roosters: My comb's too red, my coop too stuffy!  
I'd rather be all cute and puffy!

Prologue 1: Saith the Cats:

Cats: My tail's too long, my master boring!  
I'd rather be out in pasture, snoring!

Prologue 1: Saith the Cows:

Cows: Grass gets old when eaten daily  
I'd love some mice, and to be all scaly! *(If we have Mice, they look worried)*

*Snakes get ready to speak; Prologue cuts them off; Snakes look offended and Sssssss the Prologue*

Prologue 2: And so it went, each one complaining  
They wanted sun if it were raining,  
They wanted beef if offered pudding, *(Cows look worried)*  
Each one would-ing, could-ing, should-ing  
Until we came to the sly fox,  
Let's listen, gentles, as he talks.

Thorpe *(lifting mask; to Brinley, whispering)*: I still do not know—what doth the fox say?

Brinley: Sssssh!

Fox: I hunt for new game EVERY day  
My den is damp and drafty, grey;  
I'd love to sleep by a warm fire

Be given treats, at my desire;  
Such is the life of the noble hound!  
I'd give anything to tread his ground.

Hound: Within fenced yards I'm forced to be  
Hunting daily asked of me;  
I'd rather run the woods, and play  
My schedule mine to make each day.  
The fox has freedom, and no cares!  
Would that I were him, and had his cute ears!

Prologue 2: Seeing they were both agreed,  
The owl magician then decreed:

Owl: Thou shalt now have thy two lives switched:  
Fox hound, hound fox now, so bewitched!

*Fox and Hound change outfits as Owl keeps talking*

Owl: Beware, it may not be all thou thought;  
Thou may soon loathe that which thou sought.

Fox (*in Houndville*): Ah, a den that has a fire!  
A rug; a blanket, when I'm tired!  
This is indeed the life for me!  
Let others have the woods to see!

*Enter Master*

Master: Get thy mangy fur off of my rug!  
Thou art full of fleas, and ticks and bugs!  
Tomorrow morn, we leave at dawn  
To hunt for grouse, for fox, and fawn!  
Thou wilt find game, or else you'll pay;  
No kill, no food for thee that day!

Hound in Foxville: Ah, the woods, where I can wander free,  
A lovely world, all mine to see!  
This is indeed the life I've dreamed,  
A house, a fire? Just glitzy gleam!

Grouse: Best beware, there's a hunt today!  
Thou had best hide, or run away.

Fawn: They've hounds to scent thy very trail;  
'Tis said their noses never fail.

Prologue 3: That morn the fox, disguised as hound,  
Went off a-hunting o'er the ground,

O'er fen and field and stream; and then  
They came nearby the fox's den.

Master: Find that fox, our day's first kill!  
Get thee out there, use thy skill!

*Fox goes off 'hunting;' Hound is discovered; merry chase ensues. Eventually Hound is cornered, and Fox comes to him, Master not present. They recognize each other*

Fox (*as hound*): 'Tis you, my friend

Hound: And you, as well!

Both: By Jove, I've got a tale to tell

Hound: How goes thy life living as a hound?

Fox: Speak true? It stinks! Walls all around,  
And ne'er through woods do I get to play,  
Except as hunting dog; and say;  
How has thy woods home fared for you?

Hound: Not too well, if speakest true;  
'Tis hard to chase my food, I've found,  
And hunting? I'd rather be the hound!

Fox: And I, a fox would rather be.

Both: Can we switch back, again be free?

Prologue 3: The owl heard this, heard it well  
And spoke the words that broke the spell

*Fox and Hound re-switch costumes*

Prologue 3: With that, their lives again were switched  
And each ran off, without a hitch  
But both had learned their lesson that day:  
Be grateful who thou art; and stay  
With thy true name, be it high or mean,  
Be ye a pauper, or a queen.

Rachel: I must speak.

### **Rich/Poor Final Reprise**

*Rachel: I tried my best to be your princess  
But beneath these fancy clothes  
I'm just a pauper from the streets  
And not your Princess Rose*

*Rowland: Now, you see, she's just a poor girl who's pretending,  
And we know!*

*Ministers: She is not our rightful queen*

*Rowland and Ministers: She has shown us all*

*Court: She has shown us all*

*Rachel: Let me see my Mother once more!*

*Ministers & Guards: You have a far worse fate in store*

*Rose breaks forth from hiding; the guards taking Rachel stop to look*

Rose:           *Stop!*  
                  *Let her go*  
                  *I command you all!*

*Gasps*

Random Court Member: Look!  
Court:           *It's Princess Rose!*

Rachel:         Your—your highness!  
Rose:           This girl has committed no crime. We switched our garments; and later she became trapped here inside the castle gates, just as I was trapped outside. She did the best that she could; and no harm shall come to her. Rachel, and Bridget: if thou wish, thou both have a place here in the castle as my advisors; and Mummers, thou art welcome here to perform thy plays.  
Thorpe:         Dost thou have bacon here?  
Rose:           Indeed we do.

*Thorpe makes more (failed) fox-like sounds.*

Rachel:         I would like to be here; but I want to find my mother and live with her, wherever that be —if she forgives me, your majesty.  
Rose:           'Your majesty;' Your highness, my lord; all these things we say that keep us apart, and have kept me from truly seeing others as my equals.

### **Finale**

Rose:           *All my life I've made you all say yes, your majesty*  
                  *That shall end.*  
                  *I vow now to do for England*  
Rachel and Rose: *What is best; we shall see*

All:             *A new day here dawning, all people belonging,*  
                  *We'll show them,*

Rose & part of Chorus:           *All this world could be,*

Some:           *Yes we'll show them all,*

Others:         *Yes we'll show them*

Some of the others:            *Show them all...*

All:             *What this world could be!*

### **Curtain**

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Dialogue from start of Scene III, and a few additional isolated lines from The Prince and the Pauper, Mark Twain, 1881, public domain.